

BRAINWALLES

Dream Recall 2005. 01. 18 Tuesday

Just another dream at Central Supply (Monmouth Battlefield State Park) ... arguing with Old Man Bill Albert about what a better manager I was than Jim Noe.

X

early. All night I heard a couple screaming at each other - the same couple that was giggling and "shooting the breeze".

These tensions between man and woman are volatile and it makes me wonder. I gaze at the walls like a chimpanzee trying to figure out if life is worth living.

All the bug bites I have been enduring may have been caused by a black spider. This morning, in the darkness, I went scratching at my moustache, and Lo & Behold! I trapped and smashed what felt to be a large ant between my fingers. I turned on the light, and I saw what appeared to be a dead spider.

As I go to court tomorrow night, I will be heading into Freehold early this morning - although I have no idea how I will be getting back to Farmingdale. My mom will be inaccessible. I may have to track down my nephew just to get bus fare. More empty promises... I may even stalk my father for a ten dollar bill.

I am losing patience with poverty.

X

March 2nd Wednesday morning: given notice to check out of Flame Motel and I shift to Whitfield Hotel (Rooming House) in Ocean Grove, NJ.

March 3rd Thursday → Joe Minichini drove his truck to Farmingdale and helped his son Joe and I move my "stuff" to Ocean Grove. After that I cashed my \$74.⁰⁰ welfare check and paid Freehold Borough Municipal Court \$50.⁰⁰. Balance for fines 366. Next month, April, pay \$20.

Mrs. Patel (housekeeping, Flame Hotel) was crying when she said goodbye to me...

Real tears fell from her eyes as she tapped my arm. I took her hand and kissed her hand. I hugged her.

I carry her in my heart: Mrs. Patel
José (of the Flame Hotel)

Yesterday I said goodbye to Nito, Angel, Alexis, Hector, and Christian. I will miss them all, mis hermanos. I also said goodbye to others--- and all the ghosts: my screaming on the roof while drunk in a rain storm, Monique, young Jose, shifty shady flim flammin' older Jose who hated white dudes, And there was the screaming and singing in the fields in drunken sorrow, climbing trees while drunk, more roof prowling, moved from 64 to 6, Jasmine and Erna, Terry, then Rich, even Austria in Pn/8 and even Val and Brother James, Brother Abdul, Brother Sebastian,

2005.03.08

IW := INDUSTRIAL WORLD

Those who dwell in the IW
[IWers]

~~Mental Anguish~~ → this is awkward language
What other label I might use instead of IWers?
~~Mental Anguish and McDonaldland~~

~~The Mental Anguish In McDonaldland~~

Mental Anguish and The IW

Nearly one hundred years ago, before the psychoanalysis movement was born in Germany Northern Europe, one had to be insane in order to qualify for a psychiatrist's attention. One had to be suffering from painful and socially handicapping symptoms.

Less extreme psychic troubles were handled by ministers or family doctors. Mostly one was expected to handle mental anguish oneself and to suffer silently.

Eventually,

As the field of psychoanalysis developed, patients (now called mental health consumers) began to rely on psychoanalysts to help them with the difficulties of living. It became ^{almost} normal for people to "sit on the couch" see an analyst, a "shrink" — especially among the urban middle class.

But the IW produces ever-increasing anxiety and loneliness. The futility of politics, the totally alienated "organization man",

Still, such "therapy" was a luxury commodity. The psychoanalyst offered a substitute for religion, politics, and philosophy.

We are caught in the psychological and spiritual mess of industrialized life.

Psychoanalysis had opened up the possibility that one's misery could be alleviated through professional help. Over the years, a demand grew for greater efficiency, rapidity, and "group activity". ~~There was a need for "therapy"~~ Those who lacked the money to pay an analyst for prolonged daily sessions were also in need of some kind of therapy to cope with industrialized life.

Psychoanalysis was originally a radical, penetrating, liberating theory, but it eventually lost its character and became a conformist theory.

We recognize the conformist tendency in our concept of mental health. Health seems to imply the capacity for love and work. In other words, a person filled with hate and destructiveness and incapable of loving is said to be unhealthy.

But couldn't such a person function well in a particular kind of society?

Is the alienated person with little love and little sense of identity not better adapted to ~~the society~~ modern society than a sensitive, deeply feeling person?

When speaking of health in a sick society, the concept of health takes on a sociological meaning — as denoting ADAPTATION TO SOCIETY.

We have "health" in human terms, and then we have "health" in social terms. A person may function well in a sick society precisely because he is sick in human terms.

What I take issue with is that if a personality is desirable from the standpoint of our society, then the person is judged healthy from a psychoanalytic viewpoint. This is clearly a denial of social pathology. It actually becomes a pathology of normalcy.

Impulses to be free are repressed.

Impulses to be fully alive are repressed.

Impulses to love are repressed.

If people were ^{to become} truly healthy in our society, they would be less capable of fulfilling their social roles. When psychology puts all the emphasis on learning to adapt to society, it ignores the fact that ~~contemporary man~~

"learning to adapt to a sick society" makes contemporary man more blind.

~~Modern psychology,~~

Not only is modern clinical psychology used to help the masses of Iwers adapt to the IW, but it has become a psychology of the adaptation of psychoanalysis to ~~modern contemporary social science~~ Western society.

In an age of anxiety and mass conformity, therapists seek shelter in conformity. Conformity is erroneously equated with mental health! And yet this in no way constitutes an improvement in psychoanalysis. ~~No, it is really a~~

In order for psychoanalysis to renew its original radical ~~potence~~ vitality, it will have to descend even more deeply into the underworld of the unconscious. It will have to be critical of all social arrangements that dehumanize and warp humanity. Society can then adapt to the needs of man rather than man adapting to the needs of society.

the pathologies of our society: alienation, anxiety, loneliness, the fear of deep feeling, lack of joy.

It is difficult for me to accept that my sleeping patterns and mood swings I have become a social handicap, and I will continue to seek authentic survival, using my capabilities; but my life, my daily life, is proof of my sense of sinking in quicksand, dependent upon general assistance and emergency housing, and most importantly, medicare.

My experiences as a social organism on this planet are directly linked to CPC and the help (psychological support with difficulties in living: transportation, dealings with courts, hospitals, etc).

The Last Steel Reserve #211 offers a prayer - or prayers - to east, south, west, and north
Above and below and secret hidden places
My presence peers out from behind countless faces

Where did this song come from? For so many weeks, months with no impulse to chant, a burst of creativity - a consequence of my emotional response to the recent shift.

X

I miss my nephew, and I worry about his mental state. I hope that my influence upon him has not been detrimental to his health. If I can hang in there and somehow adapt to our society, his journey may be more balanced. I wonder what will happen tomorrow, Wednesday, and April 1st. Where do I go if I am cut off from emergency assistance? I will speak to Nick about this Wednesday.

I have no money to give judge Kaplan if he fines me and expects payment. He will have the option to put me in jail.

$$\begin{array}{r} 40 \\ 20 \overline{) 800} \\ \underline{80} \\ 00 \end{array}$$

40 days ...

all of April + the rest of March —
out by May. What about freehold fines
and where would I live
when released from jail?

How can I not be suicidal?

I am sorry Mom. I am sorry Joey.
I just don't see a way out of
this psychological and spiritual mess.

I am overwhelmed by practical difficulties,
and I would not be able to survive
without CPC, medicare, general assistance,
foodstamps, emergency assistance.

I become "suicidal" when I think about
working at a grocery store to pay rent,
student loans, medical bills.

Without assistance, I feel I would be
hospitalized. I would not be surprised
if I were to end up committing suicide.

I promised my nephew I would not
do this as I am his last surviving
uncle. His other uncle hung himself.

Why do authorities feel SSI would do more
harm than good?

X

Remedies for "the blues": besides marijuana, television, beer, movies, ice cream, etc...

- a shower followed by some hot cocoa.

I overhear a woman sobbing in her room/cell. I realize my anxiety and loneliness is a product of industrialized life - I wonder how my parents managed.

Can I get through life with psychiatric help? How would I survive without welfare? Am I disabled by my mood swings, my anxiety, my existential emptiness?

There is a time when the operation of the machine becomes so odious, makes you sick at heart, that you can't take part; you can't even passively take part, and you're got to put your bodies upon the gears, and upon the wheels, upon the levers, upon all the apparatus, and you're got to make it stop.

And you're got to indicate to the people who run it, to the people who own it, that unless you're free, the machine will be prevented from working at all!

see Mario Savio

X
I have to wake up at 8600, drink coffee, eat, pack a couple P&J sandwiches, and prepare for a long day.

X

14 March 2005 → I was approved for SSI. This will most likely end my qualification for general assistance and food stamps. I wonder if I will still have medicare? How about that shit? I waited out 2 years for SSI. Now, I may have more incentive to get that apartment through Homeward Bound - and even stay away from illegal substances and alcohol.

How do I feel about getting SSI?

Well, some changes are coming next Month. I only have to pay Freehold Bars \$20 (with a \$366 balance). I hope I don't get an \$800 fine in Howell! I will need time to pay. My nephew Joseph may come up with the \$50, but how I will be get it to me before Wednesday?

I really don't want to be put in jail - after all, I am about ready to get SSI money AND an apartment. Will the Howell charges get dropped?

So, again, I ask myself: How do I feel about getting SSI? Well, it is better than suicide. I promised my nephew and my mother that I would not commit suicide. I believe receiving SSI may help me live simply so that others may simply live. I am not looking for wealth or power or high status. Somehow, I will find my place where to fit into this world.

I am kind of depressed, but at least I am well aware that alcohol would only make me more depressed. Getting SSI cannot hurt me.

If I am ~~not~~ mentally healthy enough to work, I will when the time comes.

By 2007, our world may be totally changed... Perhaps it is best I learn to let go of "dreams for material security".

Tomorrow, after CPC group, after I eat, I will go to the library and take away the post about The Cube. I also want to agree with niffersoul that PeakOil is very related to survival - I will write honestly, but I keep the SSI verdict to myself.

I will discuss this issue in group tomorrow. What do I plan on "doing with my life"? More than I would do at a "job"? What does Nati do with her life?

I can learn ASSEMBLY LANGUAGE.
I can learn how to create a website like gortbusters.org. I can learn Spanish.

I will look forward to getting an apartment with Homeward Bound. I wonder if my receiving SSI will hamper that scenario. Didn't they want me to seek employment?

Well, I could buy some clothes and go on some interviews WHEN I AM READY.

2005.03.20

X

3/14: approved for SSI

3/16: approved for "Homeward Bound" SECTION 8

There is just so much to read and research and explore, how could anyone get enough leisure? Even though I write that I want to continue to explore Husserl's writings, something holds me back. What is it?

I believe it has to do with the fear of further isolating myself from others by not bringing them along.

By the way, where are my XP disks? Where is Tom Brown's Field Guide to City & Suburban Survival? Why is Tom Brown Jr such a square? Why do some people pretend to know more than they do? Why are people so full of shit?

I have noticed many people are full of shit and some people are really full of shit.

Part of me wants to read PHP & MySQL and, when I get a section 8 apartment, set up my Linux machine and begin experimenting. There are a host of things I can study. I really believe that SSI will help me, in that I will have time to explore while not being oppressed by a job.

I will be going to the library today. Asbury Park has so many good books!

As far as gothbusters.org goes, there really is no way to educate the masses, is there? In that case, I am free to educate myself. I am not a joke. nor ~~am~~ ^{is} starring a joke. "STARVIN' MARVIN" - that really is not funny at all.

I am a little angry about the situation I find myself in. I have to do the foot work to get the apartment, I am unable to make the necessary phone calls because I don't have money or access to a phone. Oh well. Fuck it! What can I do? Really. I will sit back and RESEARCH James Hillman.

My unconscious mind is guiding me, for Hillman's theories seem to be an answer to my rant in "Industrialized Mental Anguish".

So, while I can't seem to be able to maneuver in the environments of the IW that demand "currency", I am still keeping pace with the great minds of our culture. There may even be a

paradigm shift going on in our culture. The old psychology just doesn't work anymore. The people in the trenches have to face the social, political, and economic failures of capitalism. They have to take care of all the "rejects" and "failures".

We will attack the theories of psychotherapy, not the therapists themselves.

You don't attack the grunts of war - you attack the theory behind the war.

With psychotherapy, ^{it makes every} ~~the~~ problem is a subjective inner problem. And that is not where the

problems come from. They come from the environment, the cities, the economy, the racism. They come from school systems, capitalism, exploitation. They come from places psychotherapy does not address.

Psychotherapy turns it all on you:
You are the one who is wrong.

EGO-CONSCIOUSNESS-REASON

SOUL-UNCONSCIOUSNESS-ARCHETYPE

My nephew and I are considering Matawan, New Jersey as the place to reside in an apartment. This is where my nephew was born. We would rather reside there than in Farmingdale or Howell. Out of the low rent districts, this is the order of preference:

Freehold, Matawan, Howell, Farmingdale ... NO KEENSBERG
Then the shore: Bradley Beach, Ocean Grove, Manasquan, Asbury Park, Neptune

The thing is, when we found a match in Neptune, it turned out to be 248 Myrtle Avenue which is a drug infested death trap where thugs take you hostage in your own room and police jump you in the street if you are white (because they think white people in that zone are looking to cop crack or rob someone). I was told young bucks bust into your place and rough you up - and that whether black or white, I might get murdered within 3 days of moving into 240 Myrtle Ave.

The cons for Matawan is that NO BUS goes directly to Matawan. (Freehold) The New York bus goes out to Old Bridge ... or I could take a train into Red Bank, and from Red Bank bus into Freehold. Eventually I might get a little volkswagen or something.
Fuck it. I will just mail Freehold my damn fines. As far as visiting my mother, well, where there is a will there is a way.
INTERNET, BOOKS ... Does Matawan have a library?

I am very relieved to have been approved for SSI,
Not only will this get WORK FIRST NJ off my
back, but it will give me enormous
power to resist my CPC counselor's
demand I find work.

While Charlie may urge me to find a
part time job, I am in no rush
to do so any time soon. After all,
oppressive jobs depress me and would
aggravate my condition.

Charlie thinks structure will help me,
but I despise structure. He's just
going to have to ease up on the
pressure. He wants to tell me,
"You have to get a job."

Now I can fire back at him,
"No, Charlie. I do not have to do
any such thing."

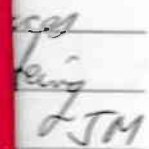
This will be a whole new experience for me.
When he asks me what I plan to do
with my days, I will tell him that
I plan to do research on the
Internet, and that I may try to
write a book.

What will the book be about?

It will be a mixture of poems and essays.
I also want to continue studying
computer science: php, mysql, and
assembly language. I want to learn new
recipes — and to speak Spanish.

ST
my

~~SAT (4/20) 1. 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1~~



2

Because I have experienced the great depression of escaping from wage-slavery, I would never advise someone to just give in to their desire to abandon working for a living. It is no free ride. In fact, most jobs are more of a free ride than welfare when you consider how little you get. I received - on welfare - less in one month than I would earn working 1 day. Why wouldn't I just work 1 day a month instead?

You know this was never an option.

At least when I am receiving \$600 per month on SSI (with Homeward Bound paying \$866 rent) I will have money for cigarettes. I don't want to get into the habit of drinking alcohol. There has got to be a way to get into a pattern of sleeping well, eating well, and living the way the animals do - content to exist doing nothing but eating, shitting, sleeping, going on some adventures.

Does anyone offer me compensating reinforcement for my living in undesirable quarters, eating unappetizing and inadequate food, performing unprofitable tasks just so that I can live as a scholar? Only Pallastar and my nephew and a few hidden admirers.

29 March Tues: What a dramatic day!

I was at the point I wanted to be dead to my sister, my mother, and my father. I won't recite the whole dramatic scene, but I reached out for help - I asked my mother and sister for \$275, and both yelled at me. I was furious. My sister told me my father would not even want to help. I was so close to telling my dad that I would be drowning myself in the ocean and that he could spend the rest of his life wondering if my life was worth \$275.

As I was running out to the ocean, a call came from my sister. My dad got on the phone. He had bonds from my grandparents. I had been praying to my grandparents!

He will cash bonds. My sister will get the cash to me through Joe somehow. Tomorrow I will get the \$275 to Maye Hampton Apartments, but I am not sure how I will be able to move in my furniture.



31 March Thursday: Very quickly, things are falling apart. Nick should not have had me thinking all I had to do was find an apartment under \$866 per month and presto I would be able to move in.

There are serious obstacles, one being the security deposit. It looks as though I won't be moving anytime soon. In fact, if I can move during the month of April, I will be lucky.

This leaves my nephew in a precarious situation, but I think it is better that way. He was putting me in a stressful situation — as if my own problems were not overwhelming enough. He needs the same kind of assistance I do. Why can't he see this?

Our family is in trouble. I wouldn't be surprised were my nephew to end his own life — and I can't see how I would not be right there to follow him into the void.

As for SSI, I still haven't been officially approved. If the decision is pending documents from CPC then my chances of receiving SSI will be in trouble. The psychiatrist can't determine my status. He has only seen me once.

If I don't get SSI, paying utilities will be very difficult for me. I really have to take things slowly lest I become overwhelmed and do something drastic. I feel myself becoming more and more depressed.

Howell Court is a big problem, but I have even bigger problems...

Tomorrow, after social services appointments and after retrieving some of my posts from the website jortbusters.org, I will wait for my GA check.

If I do get it, I will have to put $\$20 + \$5 + \$15 = 40$ aside for the trip to Freehold to pay fines.

That will leave only $\$9.00$ to spare.

How can I go on living this way?

How much longer can I endure such an existence? If I do receive SSI, it may not even be made official (APPROVED) for another couple months. So, really, what is my rush to get into the apartment this month? Perhaps Marc Hampton Apartments will hold the apartment for me and the $\$275$ will most definitely not be wasted.

I am so tempted to get drunk, but it keeps me from being able to read Vonnegut, so I think I will not drink.

I guess my collection of diaries could be seen as literature. These are my memoirs. So, how does one go about writing a book? And how could I go about writing a book when I feel my life falling apart?

X

I had to call my mother to share my burdens: I want her to call my nephew to try to communicate to him that I am in no position for him to depend on me. If his mother will not allow him to stay in the trailer, then he will be dealing with feeling abandoned. Meanwhile I feel like I have abandoned him when, in reality, I am barely keeping out of institutions.

The thing is, under better circumstances, I could see Joey and I being great companions, but the fact is I am living in crisis. I cannot be depended upon.

I want to help him, but I cannot. When I fail to help him, I feel the agony that should be felt by his parents.

Housing is a basic human right!

Whether you have money or not, whether you have a job or not!

When I tell my nephew that he can't depend on me, he tells me, "Well, I am depending on you." And yet I could lose Section 8 housing if I have someone living with me unregistered. What a dilemma!

5.4.14 [Thurs] 0300

I have my own theories about treatment centers, and I am confident my theories are more radical than the gorts who are paid a salary to "make us insecure, tell us we have a disease, and sell us the treatment".

They are making money off us. We are fuel for their fire. Most of my theories I will not reveal at these treatment centers because I really don't want the authorities to know just how deep my consciousness is becoming.

1964

2005-04-14 [Thurs]
10PM

Ashbury Park Police officer pulls me over - as a pedestrian - inquiring about my possession of weapons, ammunition, and WMD.

He says, "Weapons of Mass Destruction".

I say, "No. Just One Beer" (unopened).

He says, "What is it?" I coos.

"No." I reply.

"A two eleven", say I.

Cop (He) says, "Oh, the strong stuff.", "OK".

What the fuck?

My eyes are back to an ego-gort who peers back with beady eyes; but I fail to be a cat - at best I can be a cat - easier to be a beast than to be a man, an industrial man...
GET IN LINE...

When Cliff was in my room hanging out, I told him I just wanted to read and write, that I didn't want (his) damn TV on. I felt so restricted with my privacy invaded... I am quite a solitary individual - which is what makes me a natural WRITER. I am somewhat of a scribe.

Like Orwell, if I do not write, I am outraging my true nature. Sooner or later I may have to settle down and write books. Like Orwell, I have literary ambitions mixed up with a feeling of being isolated and undervalued. I also know I have a facility with words and a power of facing unpleasant facts.

Orwell wrote, "I felt that this created a sort of private world in which I could get my own back for my failure in everyday life. Now... I could easily settle in and start reading and taking notes from the radical literature at my fingertips. Images of the Indian girl invade my peace, and I make walk over to the store on Pilgrim's Path to purchase some bread and another ginger ale."

My nephew is in Freehold pleading with his parents to let him live in the trailer. There were police parked across from the cemetery and not in their vehicles, which means they could already be searching for "chimpanzee out in the woods"; and yet, it is my sister unwilling to protect my nephew from the spooks because she suspects we have been outspoken on the Internet?

X

Let's cut the bullshit in these "therapy groups" that I am required to attend if I am to receive SSI benefits and remain eligible for Section 8 rental assistance.

When I say "cut the bullshit", I mean let's admit and face that I am a political activist, and there is no way to ignore the political nature of what goes on in those sessions.

We are warned about "defiance", "secrecy", "attitude", "the danger of being too intelligent". There is constant interrogation.

I can sense that the therapists in charge do not want me to speak too much. I sit back and bite my tongue. I get little reprimands for side comments.

Suppose I have come to the conclusion that I am a political activist. Why do I attend the CPC group therapy if I do not believe in the concept of substance abuse as disease? Why? I am required to attend. What do they write in their records about me?

Even though I participate, I am sure they write that I am noncompliant, argumentative, and perhaps even an influence on other group "members" / clients / patients / inmates.

I have the right to speak out against AA, sponsors, and "support groups". I also have the right to privacy. It is time to unleash the power of my intellect. The groups are a waste of time. I cannot talk about this as I would be "punished".

+ adición

- ~~subtractio~~
subtracción

÷ división

* multiplicación

+ plus más

- minus menos

X, * times "multiply by" multiplicar

÷, / divided by, divide dividir

= equals, is igualar, es igualar

$\frac{a}{b}$ fraction fracción

0.0 decimal

real number ✓ and verdadero

algebra álgebra / al heh brah/

calculus cálculo

trigonometry X

geometry X

symbol símbolo

abstract n. resumen v. abstraer

line línea

exponent maybe / esponente

power poder, potencia

first primero

second segundo

third tercero

quarter cuarto

dividend dividendo

quotient ^{Quotient} dividend

divisor number to be divided into another: (Dividend ÷ Divisor)

multiple múltiple

multiplier multiplicador (one who multiplies)

multiplicand

numerator

denominator

$$\frac{\text{Dividend}}{\text{Divisor}} = \frac{\text{numerator}}{\text{denominator}}$$

numerador
denominador

function

función

product

producto